

would be published in the papers. They

dressed themselves as for a fete. Mine

Moniche in her Sunday best strove to de-

honor to M. Rovere. She said to Monielle

in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenue

While sitting on a bench in one of

the long, cold corridors the porter and

his wife saw pass before them prisoners

led by their jailers. Some looked men-

and seemed to try to escape notice.

These two persons felt that they were

did not call them as soon as they wished

that he would. They thought of their

there would be invaded by the curious,

"How slow these judges are!"

When he was conducted into the

hidden existence; he scarched to see if

he could discover among the people

who had visited the old ex-consul the

one among all others who might have

"You never saw the woman who vis

black, but I do not know her. No one

the time when she surprised the stran-

ger and Rovere with the papers in his

hand in front of the open safe made

quite an impression on the examining

"Do you know the name of the visit-

"No, monsieur," the portress replied.

"But if you should see him again

"Certainly. I see his face there be

She made haste to return to her home

so that she might relate her impressions

to her fellow gossips. The worthy con-

esteem becau e of the role which they

The crowd buzzed about the ledge

like a swarm of flies. M. Rovere's bedy

had been brought back from the morgue.

The obsequies would naturally attract

an enormous crowd, all the more as the

mystery was still as deep as ever

Among his papers had been found a re-

wishes, nothing about his relatives, had

been found. It seemed as if he was a

man without a family, without any

man's wish could herdly be carried out.

to be quiet became a sort of fete, fune-

real and noisy, where the thousands of

pressed almost upon the draped funeral

car which the neighbors had covered

Everything is a spectacle for Pari-

sians. The guardians of the peace strove

to keep back the crowds; some gamins

climbed into the branches of the trees.

The bier had been placed at the foot of

the staircase in the narrow corridor

had placed upon a table in the lodge

some loose leaves, where Rovere's un

known friends could write their names

open, studying the faces, searching the

eyes, mingled with the crowd, looker

at the file of people, scrutinized, one by

one, the signatures; Bernardet, in

mourning, wearing black gloves, seem

ed more like an undertaker's assistant

than a police spy. Once he found him

self directly in front of the open door

of the lodge and the table where the

leaves lay covered with signatures

When in the half light of the corrido

draped with black, where the hier lay

he saw a man of about 50, pale and

very sad looking. He had arrived in hi-

turn in the line at the table, where h-

signed his name. Mme. Moniche, cloth-

ed in black, with a white handkerchief

in her hand, although she was not weep

Bernardet, alert, with his eyes wide

would you recognize him?"

The story told by the portress about

'Yes; the veiled lady, the woman in

the gossips and reporters.

growled Moniche.

committed the deed.

Ited Rovere?"

knew her.

magistrate.

fore me.

Mme. Moniche."

silver escutcheon.

with flowers.

or?

acing, while others had a cringing air

CHAPTER VIII.

The police officer did not follow the antopsical operations closely. He was eager to know; he was imparient for the moment when, having taken the pic ture, he might develop the negatives and study them to see if he could discover anything, could decipher any image. He had used photography in the service of anthropometry; he had taken the pictures at the morgue with his ke tiak, and now, at home in his little room, which he was able to darken completely, he was developing his plates.

Mme. Bernardet and the children were much struck with the expression of his face. It was not troubled, but preoccupied and as if he were completely absorbed. He was very quiet, eating very little, and seemed thoughtful. His wife asked him, "Art thou ill?" He respended, "No. I think not." And his little girls said to each other in low tones, "Papa is on a trail."

He was in truth. The hunting dos smelled the scent. The pictures which he had taken of the retina and had developed showed a result sufficiently clear for Bernardet to feel confident enough to tell his chief that he distinetly saw a visage, the face of a man, confused, no doubt, but clear enough to recognize not only a type, but a distinct type. As from the depths of a cloud, in a sort of white halo, a human face appeared whose features could be distinctseen with a magnifying glass-the ace of a man with a pointed black beard, the forehead a little buld, and blackish spots which indicated the eyes. It was only a phantom evidently, and the photographer at the prefecture seemed more moved than Hernardet by the proofs obtained. Clearer than in spirit photographs, which so many credplous people believe in, the image showed plainly, and in studying it one could distinctly follow the conteurs. A specter, perhaps, but the specter of a man who was still young and resembled, with his pointed heard, some trooper of the sixteenth century, a phan-

tum of some Seigneur Clouet. "For example," said the official pho tographer, "if one could discover a murdeter by photographing a dead man'. eyes, this would be miraculous. It is incredible!"

"Not more incredible." Bernardet replied, "than what the papers publish. Edison is experimenting on making the | ple left the court puffed up with self blind see by using the Roentgen rays. There is a miracle.'

had been called upon to play. The ob-Then Bernardet took his proofs to M. sequies were to be held the next day, Ginery. The police officer felt that the and the prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mone. Moniche would magistrate, the sovereign power in still play this important role crented in criminal researches, ought, above everythem an agony which was almost jevthing, to collaborate with him, to consent to these experiments which so many others had declared useless and absurd. The taste for researches, which ersby stopped—stopped before the stone then in his turn be fixed a piercing, alwas with M. Ginory a matter of temment as well as a duty to his profession, was fortunately keen on this scent. Criminals call in their argot the ple, greedy for glory, could not open a quickly and was lost in the crowd bepaper without seeing their names printjudges "the priors." Curiosity in this ed in large letters. One journal had man was combined with a knowledge of profound researches.

When Bernardet spread out on M. Ginery's desk the four photographs which he had brought with him, the first remark which the examining magistrate made was, "But I see nothinga cloud, a mist and then after?" nardet drew a magnifying glass from his pecket and pointed out, as he would have explained an enigmatical design. the lineaments, moving his finger over the centour of the face which his nail outlined, that human face which he had seen and studied in his little room in the passage of the Elyson des Beaux Arts. He made him see-after some me ments of minute examination—he made bim see that face. "It is true-there i nn image there," exclaimed M. Ginery He added: "Is it plain enough for me to see it so that I can from it imagine living being? I see the form, divine it at first, saw it clearly defined after ward. At first it seemed very vague but I find it sufficiently well defined s that I can see each feature, but withou any special character. Oh." continue M. Ginory excitedly, rubbing his plum ittle hands, "if it was only possible If it was only possible! What a man

"It is possible, M. le Juge. Hav 'aith," Bernardet replied. "I swear t rou that it is possible." This enthusi ism gained over the examining magic trate. Bernardet had found a fellow sympathizer in his fantastic ideas. M Ginory was now-if only to try the experiment-resolved to direct the inves-



It is true—there is an image there," ex-claimed M. Ginory. ligation on this plan. He was anxious to first show the proofs to those who would be apt to recognize in them ; person whom they might have once seen n the flech. "To Moniche first and then to his wife," said Bernardet.

Who is Moniche?" "The concierge in the Boulevard de

Ordered to come to the court, M. and Mme. Moniche were overjoyed. They were summoned to appear before the judges. They had become important personages. Perhaps their pictures

which fell on him from the window, and caught the police officer by the end of his mustache. hand and said:

"I am afraid." Bernardet divined rather than heard looked at her from the corner of his eye. | well?" He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone, "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open sufo.

Bernardet gave the man one sweeping through with his sharp look. The unon lay the papers, showed a wide forehead, slightly baid, and a pointed beard, white paper as he wrote his name.

that this face, the shape of the head, the pointed beard, he had recently seen omewhere, and that this human silplaying roles as important as those in a he had recently studied. The perception bled him, and he turned pale and a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time of a possibility of a proof gave him a quick spasm passed over his face. His him think suddenly of that phantom home, which while they were detained the retina of the murdered man's eye. "Who is that man?"

impression that this unknown strongly recalled the image obtained, and mentaland to the judge's questions he replied



She spoke in a low tone, "He, he whom I saw with M. Rorere. head, and his face, of a dull white, was turned full toward the police officer. Their looks crossed, keen on Bernardet's ous. The crowd around the house of the the fixity of the officer's gaze the strange side, veiled in the unknown, but before crime was always large. Some few pass- man dropped his head for a moment; facade behind which a murder had been most menacing, gaze on Bernardet. committed. The reporters returned Then the latter slowly dropped his eyes again and again for news, and the con- and bowed. The unknown went out fore the house

that morning even published an espe- tress, who trembled as if she had seen a cial article, "Interviews With M. and | ghost

Scarcely had the unknown disappeared than the police offleer took but two steps to reach the table, and, bending over it in his turn, he read the name written by that man: "Jacques Dantin."

The name awakened no remembrance in Bernardet's mind, and now it was a ceipt for a tomb in the cemetery at living problem that he had to solve. "Tell no one that you have seen that

Montmartre, bought by him about a year before. In another paper, not man," he hastily said to Mme. Moniche, dated, were found directions as to how "No one. Do you hear?" And he hurhis funeral was to be conducted. M. ried out into the bonlevard, picking his Rovere, after having passed a wander- way through the crowd and watching ing life, wished to rest in his native out to find that Jacques Dantin, whom country. But no other indications of his he wished to follow.

CHAPTER IX.

place in society or any claim on any difficult to find in the crowd. He stood casion and his role. They both assumed one to bury him. And this distressing near the funeral car. His air was very different expressions behind their dead, isolation added to the morbid curiosity sad. Bernardet had a fine opportunity and Paul Redier walked along just in which was attached to the house, now to examine him at his ease. He was an front of them, notebook in hand. Berall draped in black, with the letter elegant looking man, slender, with a nardet promised himself to keep close 'R" standing out in white against its resolute air and frowning eyebrows, watch of Dantin and see in what manwhich gave his face a very energetic Who would be chief mourner? M. look. His head bared to the cold wind, pressure of the crowd separated them Rovere had appointed no one. He had he stood like a statue while the bearers asked in that paper that a short notice placed the casket in the funeral car, and feetly satisfied. Standing on the other should be inserted in the paper giving Bernardet noticed the shaking of the side of the grave, face to face with him, the hour and date of the services and head-a distressed shaking. The longer was Dantin. A row of the most curious giving him the simple title ex-consul. the police officer looked at him, studied had pushed in ahead of Bernardet, but I hope," went on the writer, "to be him, the stronger grew the resemblance in this way be could better see Dantin's taken to the cemetery quietly and fel- to the image in the photograph. Ber- face and not miss the quiver of a muslowed by intimate friends, if any re- nardet would soon know who this cle. He stood en tiptoe and peered this Jacques Dantin was, and even at this way and that between the heads and Intimate friends were scarce in that moment he asked a question or two of | could thus scretinize and analyze withcrowd, without doubt, but the dead some of the assistants. "Do you know who that gentleman is

Those obsequies which he had wished standing near the hearse?"

each other in their desire to see, and | mate friends?" "Jacques Dantin?"

beard.

"I do not know him." the question to M. Dantin himself he ive and wiltale. He was not as yet permight learn all he wished to know at suaded of the guiltiness of this man, once, and he approached him at the mo- but he did not find in that expression ment the procession started and walked of defiance the tenderness which ought opening upon the street. Mme. Moniche along with him almost to the cemetery, to be shown for a friend-a lifelong striving to enter into conversation with friend, as Dantin had said that Rovere pass after the man on whose track he him. He spake of the dead man, sadly was-and, then, the more he examined was had entered. Then he asked the lamenting M. Rovere's sad fate, but he him—there, for example, seeing his found his neighbor very silent. Upon dark silhouette clearly defined in front the sidewalk of the boulevard the dense of the dense white of a neighboring colcrowd stood in respectful silence and umu—the more the aspect of this man uncovered as the cortege passed, and the corresponded with that of the vision and had no profession. officer noticed that some loose petals transfixed in the dead man's eye. from the flowers dropped upon the road-

> remarked to his neighbor. "It is rather ed his eyes in order to better see that surprising, as M. Rovere seemed to have man. He perceived a man who strongly so few friends."

"He has had many," the man retina, and his conviction came to the hoarse and quivered with emotion. Ber and became, little by little, invincible, nardet saw that he was strongly moved Was it sorrow? Was it bitterness of spirit? Remorse perhaps. The man did "Jacques Dantin, Rue de Richelieu, not seem, moreover, in a very softened 114." mood. He walked along with his eyes that name to M. Ginory and have a ci-

ed. When the man reached the table, in deep thought. The police officer studcoming from the semidarkness of the ied him from a corner of his eye. His pussage, and stepped into the light wrinkled face was intelligent and bore an expression of weariness, but there the portress involuntarily exclaimed, was something hard about the set of the "Ah!" She was evidently much excited mouth and insolent in the turned up

As they approached the cemetery at Montmartre-the journey was not a She spoke in such a low tone that long one in which to make conversation -Bernardet ventured a decisive queswhat she meant in that stifled cry. He tion, "Did you know M. Rovere very

The other replied, "Very well," had any interest in th's matter?" The grave! On that easket was a plate bearquestion was brusque and cut like a knife. Jacques Dantin hesitated in his glance of the eye. He fairly pierced him reply, looking keenly as they walked stricken, was cast upon that open casalong at this little man with his smilknown, half bent over the table where- ing aspect, whose name he did not know and was had questioned him.
"It is because I have a great interest

a little gray, which almost touched the in at once commencing my researches." said Bernardet, measuring his words in | placed. Suddenly the police officer experienced order to noto the effect which they strange sensation. It seemed to him would produce on this unknown man. "I am a police detective."

Oh! This time Bernardet saw Dantin shiver. There was no doubt of it. This This man who was there made anxious eyes searched Bernardet's face, but, content with stealing an occasional discernible in the photographs taken of glance of examination toward his neighber, the little man walked along with eyes cast toward the ground. He stud-Bernardet shivered with pleasurable ied Jacques Dantin in sudden, quick excitement and insisted upon his own turns of the eye.

The car advanced slowly, turned the presence of M. Ginory and his registrar ly be compared this living man, bending the narrow avenue which led to God's corner of the boulevard and passed into and seated upon a chair, he was much over the inble, writing his name, with Acre. The arch of the iron bridge led confused and less bitter. He fett a that specter which had the air of a to the Campo Santo, like a viaduet of trooper which had appeared in the pho- living beings, over to the land of sleep, justice which surrounded him. He felt tograph. The contour was the same, not for it was packed with a curious crowd. that he was running some great danger, only of the face, but the beard. This It was a scene for a melodrama, the with extreme prudence. Thanks to him | time of Henry III, and Bernardet found | with wreaths. Bernardet, still walking man reminded one of a seigneur of the cortege and the funeral car covered and his wife M. Ginery found out a in that face something fermidable. The by Dantin's side, continued to question great deal about M. Rovere's private man had signed his name. He raised his him. The agent noticed that these questions seemed to embarrass M. Rovere's pretended friend. "Is it a long time since M. Rovere

"We have been friends since child-

"And did you see him often?"

"No. Life had separated us." "Had you seen him recently? Mme. Moniche said that you had.' "Who is Mme, Monichest.

"The concierge of the house and a sort of housekeeper for M. Rovere." "Ah! Yes!" said Jacques Dantin, as if he had just remembered some forgotten sight. Bernardet, by instinct, read paper. Make the papers sell." this man's thoughts, saw again with him also the tragic scene when the portress, suddenly entering M. Rovere's to face with Dantin in front of the ex-consul?' open safe, with a great quantity of pa-

"Do you believe that he had many deliberate calculation. "No," Dantin sharply replied with-

pers spread out.

out hesitation. Bernardet waited a moment. Then in a firm voice he said, "M. Ginery will no doubt count a good deal on you in order to bring about the arrest of the assassin." "M. Ginory?"

"The examining magistrate." "Then he will have to make haste with his investigation," Jacques Dantin replied. "I shall soon be obliged to tin replied. "I shall soon be obliged to leave Paris." This reply astonished romance it would make! The woman when Colonel George E Waring, Jr. who died the other day, was engaged to the motive was probably a simple one. seemed to him strange under the tragic circumstances, M. Dantin, moreover, his asking for it, his address, adding that he would hold himself in readiness from his return from the cemetery at the disposition of the examining mag-

"The misfortune is that I can tell nothing, as I know nothing. I do not even suspect who could have any interest in killing that unfortunate man. A professional criminal, without doubt. "I do not believe so."

The cortege had now reached one The cortege had now reached one of the greatest importance was not to less the side avenues. A white fog enveloped sight of this person of whose exist-office of the sewerage works. He was the king would not look at the comet faultlessly dressed, perfectly groomet and would very soon forget what ghostly through it. The spot chosen by and who, to him, was the perpetrator M. Rovere himself was at the end of the Avenue de la Cloche. The car slowly olled toward the open grave. Mme. Moniche, overcome with grief, staggered as she walked along, but her husband, Jacques Dantin, moreover, was not the tailor, seemed to be equal to the ocner he carried himself at the temb. A for a moment, but the officer was perout being perceived himself. Dantin was standing on the very edge

of the grave. He held himself very upright, in a tense, almost aggressive, way "Do you know what Jacques Dantin and looked from time to time into the people crowding the boulevard crushed | does? Was he one of M. Royere's inti- grave with an expression of anger and almost defiance. Of what was he thinking? In that attitude, which seemed to "Yes. See, there, with the pointed be a revolt against the destiny which had come to his friend, Bernardet read a kind of hardening of the will against Bernardet thought that if he addressed an emotion which might become excess-

Yes, it was the same profile of a "There are a great many flowers," he resting upon a rapier. Bernardet blinkrecalled the vague form found in that irresistible. He repeated the address which this man had given him. He would make haste to give

manner of living, his means of existeuce? What were the passions, the vices of the man standing there with the austere mien of a Huguenot in front of the open grave?

Bernardet saw that despite his strong will and his wish to stand there impassive Jacques Dantin was troubled when, with a heavy sound, the casket glided over the cords down into the grave. He bit the ends of his mustache and his gloved hand made several irresistible nervous movements. And the look east into that grave! The look east at that "And whom do you think could have casket lying in the bottom of that ing the inscription, "Louis Pierre Rovere." That mute look, rapid and grief ket, which contained the body-the gash across its throat, dissected, mutilated, the face with those dreadful eyes, which had been taken from their orbits and, after delivering up their secret, re-

They now defiled past the grave, and Dantin, the first, with a hand which trembled, sprinkled upon the casket those drops of water which are for our dead the last tears. Ah, but he was pale, almost livid, and how he trembled-this man with a stern face! Bernardet noticed the slightest trace of emotion. He approached in his turn and took the holy water sprinkler. Then as he turned away, desirous of eatching up with M. Dantin, ' heard his name called, and turning aw Paul Rodier, whose face was all smiles.

'Well, M. Bernardet, what news?" he asked. The tall young man had a charming air. "Nothing new," said the agent.

"You know that this murder has roused a great deal of interest?"

"I do not doubt it." "Leon Luzarche is enchanted. Yes, Luzarche, the novelist. He had begun a novel, of which the first installment was published in the same paper which brought out the first news of the crime of the Boulevard de Clichy, and as the paper has sold, sold, sold he thinks that it is his story which has caused the immense and increased sales. No one is and Jacques Dantin have known each reading 'L'Ange-Gnome,' but the murder. All novelists ought to try to have a fine assassination published at the same time as their serials, so as to increase the sales of the paper. What a fine collaboration, monsieur! Pleasantry, mensieur! Have you any unpublished facts?

"Not one? Not a trace?"

"But" - began the officer.

"Nothing," Bernardet replied. "Oh, well! I-I have some, monsieur -but it will surprise you. Read my

"See here! Professional secret! Only have you thought of the woman in apartments, had seen him standing face | black who came occasionally to see the "Certainly."

"Well, she must be made to come back -that woman in black. It is not an enemies?" asked the police agent, with easy thing to do, but I believe that I have ferreted her out. Yes, in one of the provinces."

> Where?" "Professional secret," repeated the reporter, laughing.

> 'And if M. Ginory asks for your professional secret?" "I will answer him as I answer you.

> Read my paper. Read Lutece," "But the judge-to him"-"Professional secret." said Paul Ro-

dier for the third time, "But what a said Mr. G. E. Norten, now of Charleston

lost sight of M. Dantin, who, in the center of one of the avenues, stood look. Waring attacked it with his habitual vig center of one of the avenues, stood lookdid not hesitate to give him, without ing at the slowly moving crowd of ensearching for a familiar face. He looked and when 1 entered his room was star haggard. Whether it was grief or re- gered by the evidences of concentrated is great with which he watched that face, but he beheld only those of the curious. What Bernardet considered of as brief as possible. the greatest importance was not to lose



"Well, M. : ernardet, what news?" he

of the deed or an accomplice. He followed Dantin at a distance, who from and then to the left. That story clung to the cemetery at Montmartre went on foot directly to the Rue de Richelien and stopped at the number he had given,

Bernardet allowed some minutes to concierge if M. Jacques Dantin was at home. He questioned him closely and became convinced that M. Rovere's friend had really lived there two years "Then," said the police agent, "it is

not this Dantin for whom I am looking. trooper, his hand upon his hip, as if He is a banker." He excused himself, went out, hailed a flacre and gave the order, "To the prefecture." His report to the chief, M. Morel,

was soon made. He listened to bim with attention, for he had absolute confidence brusquely remarked. His voice was nid of his instinct, gradually increased in the police officer. "Never any gaff with Bernardet," M. Merel was went much more than one-half of the maximum to say. He, like Bernardet, soon felt output, which was reached in 1893 and convinced that this man was probably was 281,007 kilograms, or 9,034,385 convinced that this man was probably the murderer of the ex-consul.

"As to the motive which led to the

DREST TILL .. regard to his present existence, and the inquiries would be compared with his answers to the questions which M. Ginery would ask him when

had been cited as a witness. "Go at once to M. Ginory's room, Sernardet," said the chief. his time I would learn a little about what kind of a man this is,"

Bernardet had only to cross some corridor and mount a few steps to reach he gallery upon which M. Ginery's com opened. V'hile waiting to be ad mitted he passed up and down. Scated on benches were a number of malefac tors, some of whom knew him well, who were waiting examination. He was accustomed to see this sight daily, and without being moved, but this time he was overcome by a sort of agony, a spasm which contracted even his fingers and left his nerves in as quivering a state as does insomnia. Truly in the present case he was much more concerned than in an ordinary man hunt. The officer experienced the fear which an inventor feels before the perfection of a new discovery. He had undertaken a formidable problem, apparently insoluble, and he desired to solve it. Once or twice he took out from the pocket of his redingete an old worn case and locked at the proofs of the retina, which he had pasted on a card. There could be no doubt. This figure, a little confused, and the very look of the man who had bent over the grave. M. Ginery would Dantin before him, provided the exam- abled him, but from which he soon fully ining magistrate still had the desire recovered. which Bernardet had incited in him to push the matter to thound. Fortunately M. Ginory was very curious. With this correstity anything might banner. The M. Ginory? Would be ever be at liber-

The door opened, a man in a blouse was led out, the registrar appeared on he threshold, and Bernardet asked if se could not see M. Ginory immediatey, as he had an important communicaion to make to him.

"I will not detain him long," he said. Far from appearing annoyed, the nagistrate seemed delighted to see the flicer. He related to him all he knowhow he had seen the man at M. Ro cere's functal; that Mme. Moniche had recognized him as the one whom shhad surprised standing with M. Reverefore the open safe; that he had sign d his name and taken first rank in th funeral cortege, less by reason of an ole friendship which dated from childhood than by that strange and impulsive sentiment which compels the guilty may to haunt the scene of his crime, to re main near his victim, as if the murder the blood, the corpse, held for him morbid fascination.

"I shall soon know," said M. Ginory He dictated to the registrar a citation to appear before him, rang the bell and gave the order to serve the notice on M Dantin at the given address and to bring

him to the palais. "Do not lese sight of him," he said

to Bernardet and began some other examinations. Bernardet bowed and his eyes shone like those of a sleuthbound

on the (TO BE CONTINUED)

A Ste "I was living in Memphis in 1879,

While listening Bernardet had not design a sew tage system for the city. or. One night while the work was right the slowly moving crowd of curricular searching for a familiar force. He leaded his hotel I had never met him before XIV, and, in consequence, posterity has searching for a familiar force. He leaded his hotel I had never met him before morse, he certainly showed violent emo-tion. The police officer divined that a shirt sleeves at a big table, writing furi-related that the monarch once visited the sharp struggle was taking place within ously. His hair was disheveled, his point observatory to see a newly discovered that man's heart, and the sadness was ed mustache bristled menacingly, his comet through the telescope. He inquired writing material was in wild disorder and | in what direction the comet was going to crowd in order to discover some familiar | the moor was interest with sheets of paper. | inote. | inote. | inote. | in the moment, because the floor was littered with sheets of paper. | move. This was a question it was impos-Lupendous calculation and made my stay | both observations and computations would

"A few days later I saw him at the worked out. But Cassini reflected that cate drawings. The startling contrast convinced me that my former visit had been doubly inopportune, and I said something | his prediction would never be noted by his to that effect. 'Not at all,' he replied royal patron. laughing 'I was writing a short story when you dropped in It's a way I have of amusing myself. He mentioned the title, and I afterward read the tale in his book called 'Whip, Spur and Saddle,' "-New Orleans Times Democrat.

William's Tall Grenadier.

"There was nothing unusual in the German emperor selecting Chiemke, the loss so very much after all. For the first tallest grenatier in his army, to accompany him on his spectacular visit to the ant, for the next seven years he was an east," said an ex-English officer, "because he expected to visit people who might easily be impressed by size. When England has had occasion to send commissloners to any of the savage tribes with which she has had dealings she has usually selected tail men as escorts. Chiemka is 6 feet 10 inches, and I have no doubt that his height duly impressed the Turks "When the German emperor returned in 1889 from his first visit to Constantinople he sent the sultan a complete set of kettl froms, which he intrusted to Lieutenan Pleskow, who is nearly 7 feet in height. There was an amusing story told of Ples-kow several years ago. He was making a short walking trip and he lost his way. He looked over a 7 foot garden wall and asked a girl picking gooseberries to direct him which road to take. The maid, see ing only his head and assuming from its height that its owner must be on hors back, told him to ride first to the right Pleskow."-New York Sun.

The Biggest Silver Mine.

The biggest silver producer in the world at present is the Broken Hill Proprietary company, in New South Wales. The output of that company's mines for the fiscal year ending on May 31, 1898, was 6,122 270 fine ounces of silver. The Anaconda Copper Mining company, in Montana, came second, with a production of 5,074, 636 ounces of silver. It is worth noting that in both of these mines the silver i produced in connection with other metals—at Broken I ill with lead and at Ana conda with copper. The latter is princi pally a copper mine, since the metal forms the greater part of the value of its ores.

The Compania Huanchaea de Bolivis has had the operation of its mines serious ly interfered with for the last two years by water and other mishaps. Its produc tion in 1897 was 151,095 kilograms, o 4.886,673 ounces, of silver. This is no ounces.-Engineering and Mining Jourmal

mod. He walked along with his eyes ing, found herself side by side with Bernardet; in fact, their elbows touch Bernardet; in fact, their elbows touch Bernardet; in fact, their elbows touch be considered in spite of the cold, and seemed to be that name to M. Ginory and have a citation served upon him. Why should this Dantin leave Paris? What was his bave strict inquiries made into Dantin's lited.

Success comes to those who persevere, that name to M. Ginory and have a citation served upon him. Why should this Dantin leave Paris? What was his lited.

MY CUTTAGE DOUR.

My cottage home to me is fair The treasures of my heart are there-My wife, my boy. Oh, what could be Dearer on all this earth to me?

No sudden storms nor dismal glooms drive the sanchine from our rooms; ids do not linger in the skies When love makes home a paradise

Our hands in labor sweet have wrought Addrament for this much loved spot, And tree and shrub and elimbing vine Arrest the skill of me and more

I sit me 'neath the waving boughs. here sweet bird levers breaths their vows, and watch the ancies of my boy. And watch the antics of my la His merry glee my parent joy.

Ambition cannot find me here So bedged about by all that's dear. Could envy here a refuge that Or hate leave polson for the mind?

We know them not, my boy and I. With the dear mother standing by, Watching our sport with gentle smile, Which tells where her heart is the while. The wandering wind our minstrel is,

To sing of past and future bless; He tells of lenely hearts that ache Who ne'er have lived for sweet love's sales.

TRICKS OF A PET CROW.

Those He Played on His Neighbors Led to His Death.

Of all the pets I ever had, which were many, I never found one so knowing or ing you understand. given me when I was a girl of 12. When the earne to me, he had been slightly you have startled me so! But of course if wounded in one wing, which at first dison struck by it when he had Jacques | wounded in one wing, which at first dis-

curiosity anything might happen. The and a dish of water were his daily ration. part, compared with you, I know I am not when he became sufficiently tame to be worth anything. who spoke of leaving Paris, should disappear, should escape the examination? undoubtedly foraged for such tidbits as What miserable little affair occupied crows are said to be fond of. Jim Crow, so named, never seemed to care for the society of other crows; otherwise it may have been that his black brethren did not care to associate with one cowardly enough to submit to captivity. At all events, they were never seen together. Jim's boon companion was a large house dog. When the dog was told to go after the cows, which were pastured as least a quarter of a mile away, Jim Crow always went with him, flying slowly a couple feet above the dog's back and frequently riding homeward on the back of a cow, Some young men were at work at earpentry that summer on my father's barn who never tired of teaching Jim tricks, and they often declared, if Jim's tongue

was only split, he could be taught to speak like a parrot. Jim's powers of Imitation were very amusing. If one bowed to him, he usua ly returned the compliment in a polite manner. At other times he would scratch in the earth and call like a hen who was scratching for a broad of chickens, imitating every motion as well as the hen's voice. I have seen him pick up pebbles and drop them in the bunghol empty barrel just for the report the pelbles made, and when he tired of this mischief he would put both legs into the bunghole and whirl round and round, as if his legs were an auger boring a hole, in imitation of the carpenters, who frequently had Jim as a spectator while working in this line of business. But Jim's proclivities for mischief brought him into disrepute with our own family as well as our neighbors. A washing spread out on the bleaching yard was sure to be visited by Jim, who would fly off to a mud puddle or the cow yard, and when his feet were fully saturated with flith he would walk over the clothes until his footprints resembled Egyptian hieroglyphics. This trick cost him his life, for he was

undoubtedly shot by a neighbor.-Country Gentleman.

An Astute Astronomer. Cassini, an Italian by birth, was the Paris observatory when founded by Louis very generally supposed he was the direct-or. That he failed to be such was not from any want of astuteness, says Professor Simon Newcomb in The Atlantic. It is be necessary before the orbit could be cool as a cucumber, although busily en- he had told him. He therefore described gaged in the examination of some intri- its future path in the heavens, quite at random, and with entire confidence that any deviation of the actual motion from

A Poet's Trints.

The poet Rogers was rather unfortunate in his servants, one of whom, who had been a long time in his service, suddenly died. A kind hearted man called to con-

dole with Rogers on his loss, "Well," said Rogers after listening for some time, "I don't know that I feel his seven years he was the most obliging serv-

agreeable companion, for the last seven more than usual as he replied, "Hail, Coyears he was a tyrannical master. lumbia!"--Up to Date. On one occasion his favorite groom with whom he rode every day gave notice to leave. Ropers asked him his reason "Nothing," replied the man, "but you replied the man, "but you are so dull in the buggy.

"Do you know what conservatories are

for, Williey" asked his uncle "You bet I do!" replied the boy promptly, and then, turning to his sister, he asked, "Shall I tell them, Mamie." That being the first intimation she had had that he had been in or near the conservatory the evening before, naturally

the blushed,-Chicago Post. Dead Invited to the Banquet. On the accession of a new emperor of China he goes in solemn state to the temple of Heaven, in Peking, and formally announces to his imperial predecessors the new titles and dignities which he has assumed. These ancestors are then dutifully invited to the banquet of commem-

"I suppose your wife misses you a great deal" inquired a lady of a commercial traveler. "Well, no. For a woman, she has a re-

Pick Me Up Seems Natural For Them.

markably straight aim," was the reply.-

"I wish I was a warship," he said re gretfilly, after opening and examining his salary envelope 'Cause why?" they asked with natural

surjosity. "I wouldn't mind being docked then," he answered - Chicago Post.

A Veterinary Lawyer. Mr. Crimsonbeak-They call him a one horse lawyer.

imagine."-Yonkers Statesman.

HOW SHE PROPOSED.

and Yet She Probably Insisted Ever After That She Had Not. Woman-Life is a heautiful thing.

Man-Yes, indeed, especially in Paris, Woman-What's that? Man-Er-um, I said, "Yes, especially in neirs. eman-Oh, Henry, this is so abrupt!

But I-I am villing.

Man-I was about to say that especially Impartial observation has justified me in agreeing with you to live-Woman-Oh, Henry, you surprise me

so! But I—I accept.
Man—Yes, it is best to accept the world,
as it exists. I was saying to live nobly is
a beautiful thing. By the way, what if
Uncle Sam should armor Cuba; Woman-Oh, Henry, how metaphories Man-Metaphorics

Wantan-Calling yourself Uncle Sam Man-I believe annexation would be disastrous to all concerned

Womath-Ohl Man-Ent the whole political situation in our country is bad at present. These domestic broils will ruin u Woman-But, Henry, we haven't quar-

Man-Eh? What's that? Woman-I said we hadn't quarreled, You said-

Man-I said nothing about ourselves, I regret that I have not succeeded in mak-

way and say yes. You are so impetuous,

Man-What's that? Woman-1 say I really am not worth anything

Man-What of that? You have a beautiful home here, and I am sure your father won't begrudge-Woman-I'm sure he will not. I wish

you would ask him right away. Man-Ask him! Ask him what? Woman-What you did me. Man-Good heavens, Miss Durham, what was that?

Woman-If you could have me for your own little wifey-ifey! Man-I never-Woman-Certainly not! I know you never did. All the men say they never proposed to any other girl. And Henry, dear Henry, papa's in the next room. I'll tell him you wish to see him, you darling,

Man-O Lord !- Judy.

Average World Reformer-We are going have another great meeting tonight to protest against English tyranny in Ireland, Russian tyranny in Poland, Turkish tyranny in-in some place or other-I forget the name—and to protest in the name of the Christian world against the cruel treatment of missionaries in China. an't you come?

Farreaching Benevolence.

Everyday Citizen-Very sorry, but I promised to go around this evening and help relieve the necessities of some poor families in the street back of your re-idence.-New York Weekly.

A Man of Surprises. "I dunno as I blame 'em," said the mon

who had just purchased a newspaper. "To whom do you refer?" inquired his "Those Spaniards who have given up their idea of leaving this country right away. Of course peace is under way and all that, but where a Spaniard is conterned he shows his sense in staying right here in peaceable America so long as Dewey is still figuring around."—Wash-

His Proud Record. Spanish Matron—You are an old sail w? And served in the American war! Poor man! You are one of the survivors of those dreadful sea fights in which we lost all our ships and so many brave men perished. Is it not so?

up)—No, senora. I served under Admiral Camara, the only commander in that was who never lost a man .- Chicago Tribune.

Spanish Mendicant (drawing himself

Looking Ahead. "There's no excuse for mud flinging in American politics," remarked one citizen.
"Well," replied the man whose natura it is to disagree, "there's a place for every thing. I'll be glad to see it start up when this country goes to work with pick and shovel on that isthmian canal.—Washing-

ton Star.

No Room For It. "I've got a letter from George telling how he was under fire just before the war closed. 'How did he stand it?"

"Why, they were on a very small steam

launch, and George says he never had a ought of running."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On Board the Columbia. "And what does the captain say when he orders the firing to begin?" asked the inquisitive visitor. The boned orderly straightened a little

A Believer In Aguinaldo. Watts-The idea of that ridiculous Agui-

naldo ordering a gold collar Potts-I think that is nothing but a ampaign lie. He just about bought a gold collar button. - Indianapolis Journal, Hard Work.

"Yes, I'm workin for all I'm worth "I don't see how you manage to live on it."-New York Truth.

A Sure Cure. Missionary (lecturing)-How are we to lead the cannibal from his sinful ways: Voice-Make a vegetarian of him. - New

York Journal.

nowadays.

The Country's Cail. When you heard the country callin-an she wasn't callin soft-Thar warn't no man a hidin in the old time fodder loft;

thilly invited to the bandpart of the folder left:

oration, where seats are duly reserved for them.

That waz patriots by the dozens.
All yer brothers an yer consins.
But 'twuz hard work giftin in the army! They were crowdin for recruitin from all cor-

ners of the states.

They were jumpan of the feness, they were climbin of the gates.

But with privates by the million

And with colonels by the billion It was hard work gittin in the army!
-Atlanta Constitution.

The smallest things may exert the greatest influence. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are unequalled for avercoming constitution and liver traibles. Small pill, J. W. O'Sullivan, W. P. Hall, F. Henry

bel., says: "Brazilian Balm saved my boy's life. He legan just like the one we lost with croup. We gave him a few doses. He quickly dropped to sleep,

and was all right in the morning."

Mr. Yeast-How did he get that name do you suppose?

Because he's such a fine charger,

Parker, City Drug Store, E. Gesselin, and E. R. Crandall, Wincoski,

Saved A Boy's Life. Mrs. Captain H. Hubbard, of Milford,